

V E R S E S

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF

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NEWCASTLE,

ON THE DEATH OF

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM.

By HENRY JONES, AUTHOR of the Earl of ESSEX.



L O N D O N :

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VERSES

TO HIS GRACE THE DUC DE

THE W. C. A. D. E.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HON. LORD

THE W. R. Y. P. E. A. M.

D. HENRY JONES, Author of the last of Henry



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V E R S E S

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF

N E W C A S T L E .

I F yet your throbbing bosom finds relief ;
 If Reason yet one moment steals from Grief ;
 Forgive, my Lord, the Muse that late appears,
 To join with Britain's sighs,---NEWCASTLE's tears ;
 The Muse, that joins her well intended strain,
 With GEORGE's sacred sighs, but joins in vain.
 Not regal sorrows can that life restore,
 In vain the kingly fountains rich run o'er ;

'Tis hers, to join with all who truly mourn,
 Who pour the plaintive note on PELHAM's urn.
 Mistaken mortals in this vale below,
 Sons of Adversity, and heirs of Woe,
 The sad inheritance tenacious keep,
 Too soon they triumph, or too late they weep.
 The good possess'd, with listless hearts they rate,
 Nor prize the bliss enjoy'd, till snatch'd by Fate;
 Reflection then, and Gratitude conspire;
 Then, every virtue kindles every fire;
 The breast humane, with sudden fervour burns;
 Then, all the soul alarm'd, regrets and mourns;
 This tribute Virtue from the heart demands,
 And Nature pays it with obedient hands.
 To vice high rais'd, no hallow'd mark remains,
 Her springs of pleasures, and her source of pains,
 Ambition's frenzy, Lust, and Lucre fly
 To black Obscurity; far off they lie

Sunk in the mass confus'd, Oblivion's lot,
By Time rejected, and by Fame forgot.
The all-revered pile, erect to Fame,
With Virtue's trophies charg'd, with Trajan's name,
O'er vanquish'd Time shall stand, with story'd pride,
With each immortal witness at its side;
The world's applause, by classic pow'r express'd,
Which thunder spar'd to strike; and Goths molest!
O sacred Avarice! O thirst divine!
Th' immortal springs of paradise are thine;
The treasures thine in Time's diminish'd store;
For thou shalt claim, when he can give no more.
Illustrious PELHAM, to thy country dear,
For whom thy prince still sheds the social tear,
Thy honour'd worth, with lasting wreaths shall shine,
And ev'ry British trophy shall be thine;
Not Latian marble nobler praise can give,
In ev'ry patriot heart thy name shall live.

No

Nor yet, Britannia, let thy bosom cease,
Thy beating bosom, stranger yet to peace,
The fatal storm that tore thy bulwark wide,
With dread irruption, cannot yet subside;
Thy agitated heart yet feels the blow,
And Justice must approve the grateful woe.
'Tis due to merit in the humblest sphere,
Where private virtue claims the private tear;
A secret transport mingles with such grief,
Such gen'rous sorrow brings the soul relief;
Reason approves, what Passion then bestows,
And Nature pays the debt, that Friendship owes.
Ah! say, what sad memorial can express
A people's anguish, and a king's distress!
Alas! what monumental mark make known
The sighs of millions, griev'd---a monarch's moan!
What equal witness shall invention find,
Worthy the friend of truth,--- of human-kind!

Let

Let Gratitude her sacred source explore,
 Let Genius turn her treasur'd talents o'er,
 Let Greece, let Rome bestow their rev'rend aid,
 And rear the awful pile to PELHAM's shade.
 Let Envy come, by factious Malice nurs'd,
 With all her black seditious brood accurs'd,
 Come forth at once, and witness if she can,
 That e'er thy shadow, Fraud, eclips'd the man.
 She growls conviction, with reluctant tone,
 And grinds the sacred truth, she's forc'd to own.
 The vanquish'd pest retreats, that bane of men,
 Drove back by Truth she seeks her horrid den.
 A statesman die, and not one arrow move!
 Has Faction lost her nerve!—can Malice love
 Science, Sincerity, or Truth? she can,
 The blameless minister, the upright man:
 Ev'n in Britannia blest'd, a length of years,
 In whose clear conduct not one stain appears.

And

And will the jarring hydra this proclaim
 From all her hostile mouths to PELHAM's fame?
 Thrice happy PELHAM! blest'd beyond compare,
 Blest'd in thy life, (and what few else could share,
 In publick station and exalted trust,)
 Blest'd in thy death, and honour'd in the dust.
 With WALSINGHAM, with BURLEIGH blend thy rays,
 Equal to each in merit, as in praise.
 O if exalted to the realms of joy,
 Th' immortal mind one moment may employ
 On things terrestrial, on th' affairs of men,
 Bow down inraptur'd thy celestial ken;
 Behold each rank, each faction, all agree,
 (The patriot's rich reward reserv'd for thee,)
 Alike the prince's and the peasant's tear,
 In mingled current flowing o'er thy bier;
 Extatic vision to the virtuous given,
 Felt with increasing transport, tho' in heav'n.

How wretched now from thy seraphic sphere,
 Does Fraud, does Flatt'ry, to thy sight appear!
 Ambition's crest how abject does it shew,
 With Craft, with Avarice, thy scorn below!
 How Pomp, how Pride, how Courts, to atoms shrink
 From thy averted view! how sudden sink!
 With gold, with grandeur, these misrated things,
 These trappings of command, these toys of kings!
 Whilst in some lowly cottage, Truth's retreat,
 Neglected Virtue to thy eye looks great;
 Th' unbodily mind affection's force retains,
 And friendship with the bless'd, new fervour gains,
 Exalted fervour, free from earth's cold dross,
 And each alloy, that sensual hearts engross;
 Still helpful to the good, the virtuous mind,
 Still fond, they cast the friendly wish behind.
 Fast by the stream of life, that joyful roves
 Through labyrinths of bliss, immortal groves,

B

Thy

Thy ardent spirit feels a social care,
 And Friendship still imprints its image there.
 With each endearing tie through life enjoy'd,
 With each fond object, that the heart employ'd,
 To Science wedded, in th' abstracted bow'r,
 To business sacred, in th' important hour;
 When deep Experience pois'd Europa's weal,
 When Britain's genius watch'd the varying scale,
 And O where heart-felt raptures oft inspir'd
 The throb reciprocal by Friendship fir'd,
 By Sense, by Truth, by Love, by Honour taught,
 By rip'ning Time to rich perfection brought.
 Angels themselves might view a scene like this
 With longing eyes, and envy human bliss.
 Such soul-felt extasy, so deep impress'd,
 Retains thy Cath'rine's form among the bless'd,
 Takes off thy raptur'd thought, with tender care
 Divides perhaps thy wishes even there.

What

What mortal anguish tore each filial breast,
 When dreadful struck, in fix'd amaze! - - - express'd
 By gushing tears, when Nature felt the blow ;
 And ev'ry voice was lost in whelming woe !
 By silent agonizing looks alone,
 With heart-expressive force, to words unknown,
 Sent from the agitated soul to tell,
 That Britain lost a friend, when PELHAM fell !
 The parent dear,---but sorrow stopt the rest,
 And Nature sunk, beneath the load oppress'd.

O Thou, to whom my numbers would ascend,
 The tend'rest brother, and the noblest friend,
 NEWCASTLE, PELHAM, patriot, loyal, true,
 From thy fraternal eye, still falls the dew
 Of genuine sorrow, flowing from the heart
 That melting feels---but Britain claims her part
 In thee ; thy country now demands thy care,
 Thy Prince to thee inclines th' attentive ear,

By

By anxious thoughts and toils of state oppress'd,
 He leans for counsel on thy faithful breast;
 To thee his bosom's inmost weight makes known,
 Thou firm support, thou pillar to his throne!
 O long support him, long his cause defend,
 Thy Prince's fav'rite and thy country's friend,
 Another PELHAM to the grave descend.

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